



The TATLER

Vol. CXC
No. 2468

and BYSTANDER

London

October 27, 1948

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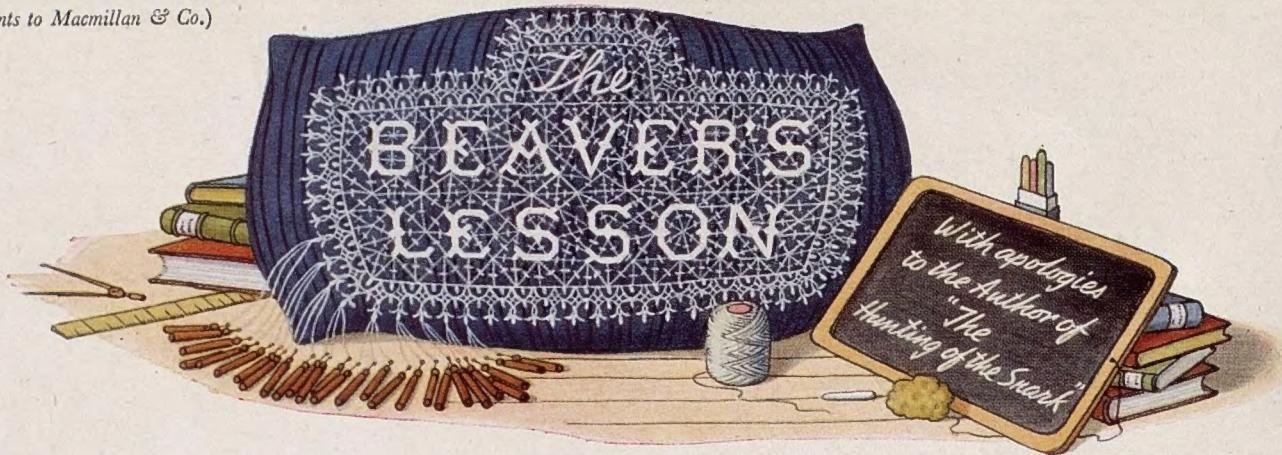
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“ A delectable sight, don’t you think ?
‘Tis a brew, my dear Beaver, that’s widely acclaimed —
You may pour it, and watch as I drink.

“ In this glass you may see what will benefit me,
For its Goodness is simply unbounded,
And without extra charge I will tell you at large
Of the things on which Goodness is founded.

“ As to Body, a Guinness supplies, I have heard,
Not only good health but protection ;
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To, when connoisseurs speak of perfection.



“ When you meet any friend you’ve not seen for some years
It’s a bonhomous brew to imbibe ;
Of its power as a tonic one frequently hears,
And it’s one many Doctors prescribe.

“ Its flavour is finer than honey-dew, far :
I’m informed that it renders you strong :
(Some think it keeps best behind padlock and bar,
But few people keep it for long). ”



The Bellman, who now felt uncommonly dry,
Turned round for his glass from the shelf,
But he reeled with a cry, for his friend, on the sly,
Had finished the Guinness himself.

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Vol. CxG, No. 2468 Two Shillings LONDON OCTOBER 27, 1948

THE
TATLER
and
BYSTANDER



**ABOVE THEM WAS
THE LUTINE BELL**

"The Room" at Lloyd's was transformed into a palace at the great reception for Commonwealth Prime Ministers. In the middle is Sir Eustace Pulbrook, Chairman of Lloyd's, and among the guests on his left may be seen the Duke of Gloucester, Pandit Nehru, Earl and Countess Mountbatten, Sir Stanley Aubrey (Deputy Chairman), Lady Pulbrook and the Duke of Edinburgh. This magnificent picture, and those on the following four pages, were taken exclusively for *The Tatler* by Tasker, Press Illustrations



The principal guests and officials of Lloyd's took supper in the library. At the table in the foreground is the Chairman's party; clockwise, the Archbishop of York (the Most Rev. Dr. C. F. Garbett), Sir Stanley Aubrey, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Lady Pulbrook, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Most Rev. Dr. G. F. Fisher), Lady Fisher and Sir Eustace Pulbrook

"Lloyd's of London" Makes History Afresh

IN THE FAMOUS UNDERWRITERS' ROOM 2,500 GUESTS WERE GATHERED



Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. Sir Eustace and Lady Pulbrook are here receiving the Transjordan Minister



Sir Eustace shakes hands with Mrs. E. H. Louw, wife of South Africa's Minister for Mines, who represented Dr. Malan



Earl Mountbatten of Burma and Countess Mountbatten arriving. They were given a tremendous reception as they entered the transformed Underwriters' Room



Mrs. Cunliffe Fraser and Major-General J. M. L. Renton, Inspector-General of the Iraq Army, looking at some of the historic pictures



The R.A.F. was represented by Lord Tedder who is seen with Lady Tedder (right) and Mrs. L. G. Cox



Mr. W. R. Hornby Steer, the eminent barrister (centre), talking to Mrs. J. D. C. Ewing and Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull, Commissioner of Police for the City of London



Another diplomatic guest, M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, with Lord and Lady Woolton Jennifer describes the reception on page 106

LLOYD'S —

Beauty, Chivalry and Tradition



The formal magnificences of another age were often recalled at the Lloyd's reception.
Above, Sir Brian Mountain, Bt., and Lady Mountain wait to be received



Decorations were worn. Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, M.P. for Maidstone, with Mrs. D. E. Osman



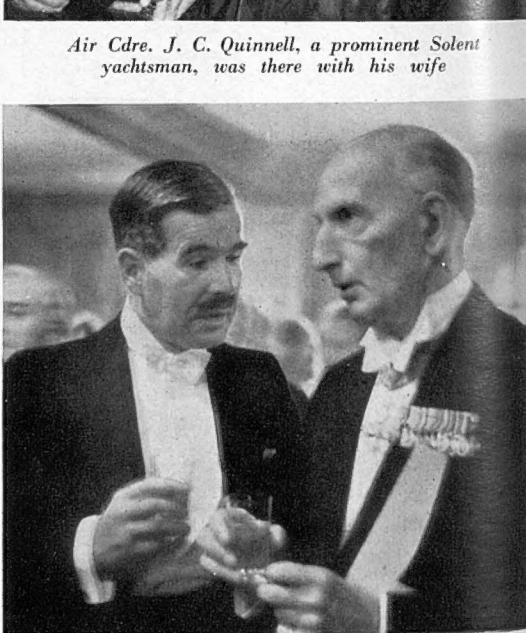
Air Cdre. J. C. Quinnell, a prominent Solent yachtsman, was there with his wife



Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, wife of the second baron, was one of the great gathering



Lady Pulbrook, wife of the Chairman of Lloyd's, talking to Mrs. Matthew Drysdale



Mr. George Stephens has a discussion with the Marquess of Reading



Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, who is a Gentleman Usher to the King, is questioned by Miss Barbara Crowle, with whom is Mrs. John Rouse



Using underwriters' boxes as supper tables were (left) Mrs. R. E. Butcher, Miss Pat Hall and Mr. John Mountain; (right) Mr. R. W. Morleman, Mr. M. Hall, Miss S. Mountain, Miss D. Hall, Mrs. Harold Beck and Mr. S. W. Mountain



Earl Mountbatten, Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and Countess Mountbatten



Miss M. Hall talking to Lady Mountain in a quiet corner of "The Room"



The Chairman and Lady Pulbrook receiving Sir Robert and Lady Micklem

My Lord Archbishop, and Wife, Look On



Some Portraits in Print

"KERRY BLUES are lovely dogs," exclaimed the charming young expert who took me to Cruft's. "Look at him! I know a girl who keeps an Irish wolfhound that got into a fight with one the other day, and the Kerry Blue got hold of her arm and nearly bit it through before they could tear them apart. It's left an awful scar."

Which prompts the reflection that it all depends on what you mean by "lovely."

What an orgy of gibble-gabble Cruft's was this year at Olympia. Two thousand pugs, terriers, mastiffs, airedales, dachshunds, pointers, retrievers, collies, pekes, schnauzers, poodles—and thirty thousand tweed skirts, raincoats, bowler hats, jodhpurs, fancy waistcoats and tiepins.

My first thought (I had not been to a Cruft's show for perhaps a dozen years) was to wonder how many of these aristocrats were doomed to live in cities, holding, as I do, strong views on the imprisonment of an afghan or bloodhound in a three-roomed flat, indeed of anything much larger than a dach or a papillon.

The papillons are charming little toys, with their butterfly markings. I had never before examined one closely.

"You'd scarcely believe it," said one proud owner of a papillon, "but he killed five rats last week."

No, I confess that I hardly would, as the papillon is rather smaller than a self-respecting rat.

"Do look at its teeth," she insisted.

What a bloodthirsty lot our dog fanciers are becoming!

MY companion, although herself a breeder, made what I thought the intelligent suggestion that the tax on urban dogs should be treble that of country-kept dogs, and with a rising scale. One peke, one guinea; five pekes, fifteen guineas.

One hesitates even to contemplate any new forms of taxation, but as one who recently was kept awake by some hound of the Baskervilles whose owner had thought fit to chain him in a Mayfair area, it seems an idea not without merit.

A great many breeds of dogs must surely begin to change under the new social conditions. Those which apparently were designed to lie indolently at the feet of sovereigns, for the greater glory of Court painters, must one day either vanish or revert to type.

About the only place left where a borzoi or an afghan would feel at home to-day is in one of the mansions of the National Coal Board. We must keep an eye on that potential form of Government expenditure.

ARTISTS who have been exercising their imagination on views of the gay London of 1951 have—for the most part—turned a blind bird's-eye on an ominous feature of that Thames-side site.

The problem is: *what will be done about Hungerford Bridge?* How can that bloated drainpipe, running through the dead-centre of all the fun and games of the Festival, conceivably be disguised? Would it be practical to borrow (through Marshall Aid) some of those tough and quick-working U.S. engineers to remove the whole clanging affair to some other site—preferably the bottom of the North Sea? Of course, if foreign assistance were to be sought we might also borrow some

of Paris's experts in the art of giving a carnival look to a riverside. Sir Alan Herbert, leading a fleet of flower-laden gondolas, might be turned, with Latin skill, into quite a fetching sight. But, oh! Hungerford Bridge!

The tragedy is that once the Thames was crossed at this point by a most elegant bridge.

You may see it to-day at Bristol—for it is the Clifton suspension that crosses the Avon. It was dismantled, and the Hungerford abomination was erected in its place when the railway came a century ago.

I am glad they are keeping the old Shot Tower for the duration of the exhibition. I used to be told that the bullets used at the Battle of Waterloo came from this tower, but I believe it was built later than 1815.

AN exceptional feature of the Comédie Française's recent presentation of *Le Misanthrope* in London eluded me all evening.

The stage had an alien look, but one that had nothing to do with the language that was spoken. Not until the last few moments did the mystery solve itself for me: the whole play



Sir Harry Lindsay, K.C.I.E., Director of the Imperial Institute, looking with Col. L. N. Malin at exhibits in the Army Art Society's seventeenth exhibition, held at the Institute

had been acted with the stage lights turned full on. No shadows, no diagonal beams, no half-shades, no "arty" little black-outs which make one strain the eyes to see whether it's the villain or the hero who is doing something or other in that corner.

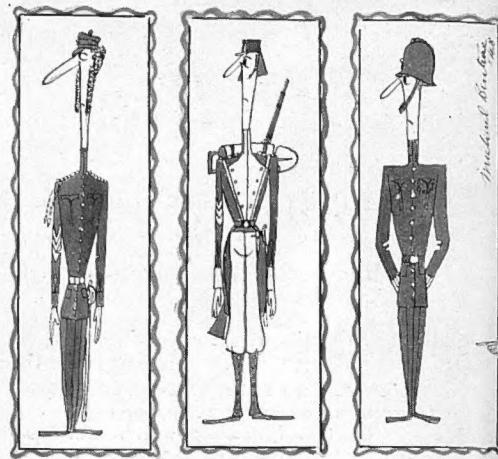
I have come to dread the programme announcement that tells us of "Special Lighting Effects Designed by Mr. So-and-so," who is too often a young man who has never seen the play or opera before but is determined to make his reputation on the switchboard.

What beautiful acting the Comédie Française gives us. *Le Misanthrope* is by no means the easiest of Molière's plays for the foreigner to appreciate at a hearing. But even if one were deaf, and knew not a word of French lip-language, the expressive movement of the company is sheer delight.

"Of course," said someone in the stalls, "they've been doing it for about three hundred years, they ought to be good by now."

A bright thought, yet not one which could be applied to the playing of Shakespeare in this country, where producers spend their time in trying to see how far they can get away from the style of production for which the plays were written.

The French are ever traditionalists.



"Those two on the left are sergeants, the other's a constable"

Another reflection on *Le Misanthrope* was made by my companion, who said that Molière must have been having an unhappy love affair when he wrote it.

How true, as they say; Molière himself created the rôle of the misanthropic Alceste, while his wife Armande played the fickle Célimène—and their relations were then such that they only met at the theatre. This was the Armande Béjart who provided all the food for scandal needed by Molière's enemies.

Was Armande the sister of his old mistress Madeleine Béjart? Or was she—as so many have tried to prove—the daughter? And if the daughter, was Molière thus the father of his own wife? One amusing half-defence was that Madeleine was a woman so generous in her affections that, of course, Molière might have been the father. . . .

One man did not think so. Louis XIV became the godfather of the first child of Molière and Armande's marriage.

ONE chapter of what might be now called English socialite history may one day be claimed by those men of Italian birth who, by industry and flattery, have dominated the English restaurant world since 1914.

Up to that time it was the Germans who ran our hotels—I believe that the last days of peace saw as many as 40,000 German waiters hurrying back to the Fatherland. They remain probably the best hotel servants in the world, although seldom inspiring in the kitchen; but then, neither are Italians! Cooking in Italy can be among the world's worst.

The undisputed reign of the Italian waiter started when the Germans left. Before that time they had largely been confined to Soho and the provinces.

I have just been reading an autobiography* whose author started his career slightly before this wholesale transference of power. Young Joseph Vecchi, from the village of Persiceto, began in the kitchens of Claridge's, where the Italian influence was strong.

It was a happy-go-lucky Europe then for an ambitious young waiter, travelling about without benefit of passport—only Russia asked for one.

These waiters, moving from Nice to Paris, from Brussels to Vienna, from London to Berlin and back again were putting into practice what one day was to be Mr. Bevin's dream of a world where you just went to a station and bought a ticket for anywhere. (One can imagine a few words to-day between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary: "Ernie, would you please pipe down on that line of talk . . . we're only giving 'em £35 again this year. So lay off, will you?")

Gordon Beckles

* *The Tavern Is My Drum* by Joseph Vecchi (Odhams 12s. 6d.)

At the Theatre

Anthony Cookman, with Tom Titt illustrating, reviews "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," by Bernard Shaw, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Verdict: "A timely and well-merited revival"

WHEN there is question of filling a theatre with a new play apparently it never does to forget Mr. Shaw. So managers were recently warned by the stubborn Indian summer of *You Never Can Tell* at Wyndham's, at the Criterion and at Wyndham's again. They are, I fancy, within sight of a second warning.

The Company of Four have had the novel idea of putting on *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at Hammersmith. This comedy is just as old as the century, and it has not been seen in London since 1912. Not many people, I imagine, have even read it (the last play in any volume of plays is apt to be postponed *sine die*), and most playgoers long ago dismissed it from their minds as "the piece that Mr. Shaw wrote for Ellen Terry—something about Moroccan pirates and a managing English gentlewoman." I saw it myself somewhere early in the 'thirties in the old Hampstead Everyman Theatre; but I confess that it came to me at Hammersmith as something wholly fresh and delightful.

It is a play of ideas only in the Pickwickian sense. That so-called justice is

but society's form of revenge, and that, conversely, private revenge is apt to hoodwink itself with the cry of justice: agreed. That the natural tact of a woman is a match for the logic of the cleverest man or for the will-power of the most resolute: agreed again. These are ideas which we all learn (sometimes rather painfully) at school and in the nursery. But it is the natural and superb gaiety of mind with which Mr. Shaw shapes these ideas on the stage that gives the play its lasting amusement.

No doubt Mr. Shaw has in his time argued the hind legs off a wilderness of donkeys, but without that gaiety of mind which entertains even while it deepens disagreement, his opinions would never have been so much considered, and certainly he would never have discovered in the theatre a huge audience willing to give up to intellectual debate so much of the time obviously intended by nature for the enjoyment of good, well-made stories.

In *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* the gaiety of mind has free play, and the fantastic adventures of the English lady and her

brother-in-law, a judge of the High Court, drawn with impeccable realism, among bloodthirsty but highly susceptible sheikhs of the desert, strike us as first-rate fancy-dress nonsense. Incidentally, Mr. Shaw must have been the first writer to exploit the romantic sheikh—a heavy load on any good citizen's conscience.

It is quite natural that the belief should have grown up that nobody but Ellen Terry could play a part specifically designed for her. Miss Flora Robson charmingly shatters this superstition. Lady Cecily Waynflete reduces all those about her—cut-throats, desert warriors, eminent lawyers, pirates and missionaries—to the status of small boys eager to oblige less by physical attractions than by a graciously disarming manner, as quick an eye for a situation as that of a champion fencer, a complete feminine independence of the accepted rules of a man-made world and superb common sense. Miss Robson's accomplishment buoyantly combines all these qualities, and the part—an excellent part for any good actress—triumphs as of old.

The rest of the cast serves her with spirit. Mr. Malcolm Russell is the Cockney with his passionate attachment to the penny dreadfuls that "formed his mind" and "took him out of the sawdust reellytes of the Waterloo Road"; Mr. Richard Leech is borne along on the eloquence of the aggrieved poor relation turned pirate; Mr. George S. Wray recognises that the Judge is the only real character on the stage; and Mr. Alastair Bannerman polishes a small part so thoroughly that it becomes a notable facet of the comedy.



Explaining the Situation with her usual fluency, Lady Cecily Waynflete (Flora Robson) makes a convincing stand for her rather unpromising protégé, Captain Brassbound (Richard Leech), and his coy henchman, the Hooligan (Malcolm Russell). Captain Kearney, of the U.S. Navy, is, however, hard to win over, and the eye that Sir Howard Hallam (George S. Wray) casts on Brassbound might without exaggeration be called apprehensive. The Rev. Leslie Rankin (Frank Napier) withdraws judgment, as befits his cloth

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations]
by Hoffnung

At The Pictures

Italians and Others

ROSELLINI'S *Paisa* (now at the Academy) should have been seen here last year, when it was only shown at the Edinburgh documentary festival. Borne in on the first triumphant wave of post-war Italian films, its virtues would have seemed more striking, its crudities less noticeable. Then, too, no doubt the war would still have been fresh enough in our minds to justify Rossellini's stark news-reel photography (much less polished than in his later Berlin film) and put the film's documentary character beyond question.

Since then we have come to take the extraordinary humane quality of Italian films almost for granted. Accordingly, we are ready to judge them by sterner technical standards. My first reactions to *Paisa*—the word, I understand, is a dialect corruption of *paisano*, which the Americans called any Italian as they call any Briton a "Limey"—were all questions: Was the film's uncouthness, its unevenness, acceptable in the detachment of three years after? Was the episodic film ever satisfactory? Was there any justification for classifying as documentary this bitter picture of war raking up Italy's length in six imagined illustrations of its effects on her people from Sicily to the Po Valley?

BITTER the film is, from the first Sicilian scene leaving the Italian girl dead on the rocks, misjudged by the Americans she had been guiding, raped by the Germans. In this grim episode and the last—almost unendurable partisan warfare against the still beauty of the reeds and marshes of the Po Valley—it is German savagery that dominates.

There are one or two gibes at the British (whose presence in the picture is inconspicuous); and an awful indictment of the Americans in Rome. In this moving episode a nice American boy is picked up by a slut on the streets and never even recognises her as the gay, innocent girl who had come out with the welcoming crowds the day the Americans had entered Rome six months earlier.

Bitterness surely is understandable. What is much more astonishing than the gibes is that so much compassion survives.

For *Paisa* is not fundamentally an attack on anybody or anything, unless on the waste of war. Perhaps it is a lament for Italy's sufferings in the war. But primarily it is a record not only of the horrors and bestiality but also of sympathy, courage and faith.

Italians appreciate both the photogenic qualities of a black skin and the child-like

qualities of the Negro, and the Naples incident which brings together a Negro military policeman and one of the street-urchins (a *Sciuscia* type) is wholly charming. Sitting together on a pile of rubble, the drunk Negro drops off to sleep—and gets his boots stolen. Meeting the boy again, he demands his boots with sober authority and pursues the young thief home. But the sight of the Neapolitan slum that is home makes him abandon his shoe-leather. All without a touch of false sentiment.

Equally charming, if not quite as convincing, is the Franciscan monastery where three American Army chaplains find hospitality. I don't believe the friars would have been quite so fluttered to find one of their guests a Protestant and one a Jew. But the Catholic chaplain is a superbly-drawn type, and the serenity of the brothers an effective calm before the final storm of partisan warfare and German reprisal.

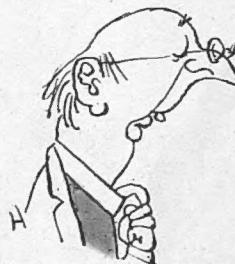
Probably the episodic form was responsible for my first sense of dim disappointment. On second thoughts, only the Florence episode seems false; the others linger in the mind and improve with thinking about. The film's rough edges

are easy to forget, its truth of observation and feeling much more difficult. For Rossellini seems to think with a camera, and to say what he sees with a truthfulness that indeed makes his record documentary and all the other new films nonsense.

SEEEN in the same week as *Paisa*, the four others have blurred into a single impression like colours that have run, or like a *montage* sequence of neo-Irish Americana, Old English Country-House farce, Babel and black faces.

In *My Wild Irish Rose* (Warner) Dennis Morgan as song-writer Chauncey Alcott is all blarney and Mother Machree; in *The Foxes of Harrow* (New Gallery) Stephen Fox (Rex Harrison) of Harrow is the illegitimate offspring of an old Irish family who has been brought up by an Irish peasant to speak good stage English; while Maureen O'Hara as one of the first ladies of Louisiana speaks indifferent French (though not the worst in the cast). A brogue is even spoken in *Woman Hater* (Odeon, Marble Arch), but only in the kitchen quarters of the manor house (Compton Wynyates, I think) of which Stewart Granger is the noble misogynist owner posing as his own agent to give a French film-star (Edwige Feuillère) the Garbo-like solitude he doesn't believe she really wants.

Mr. Granger throws himself into water twice and mud once and down the cellar stairs for



Miles Malleson as the cleric in "Woman Hater"



"Mr. Granger throws himself into water twice"

fun; in *The Foxes*, a slave girl throws herself for tragic enough reasons into the Mississippi. In both pictures hero and heroine try to patch things up over what Miss O'Hara calls "corniac."

There are black-face minstrels in *My Wild Irish Rose*, and in *The Foxes* black-face slaves who practise voodoo and go berserk among the sugar canes on the Old Harrow plantation until Maitresse Fox (Miss O'Hara) takes her horse-whip to them because her haughty coldness and locked door have driven the Maître (Mr. Harrison) to the charms of a Creole lady of the town.

THE FOXES OF HARROW" is on the *Gone With the Wind* model (and seems longer, although actually only half as long). But Maureen O'Hara's surname does not qualify her for a part whose ancestress is Scarlett. Mr. Harrison is a fine, charming scoundrel, and the Southern settings, indoors and out, are of the kind Hollywood really knows how to do.

My clearest impression of *Woman Hater* is the iniquity of importing a star of Mme. Feuillère's beauty, talent and standing in the French cinema and theatre to play in such a witless slowcoach comedy.

We have appreciated Mme. Feuillère's lovely performances in *Sarajevo* and the Dostoevsky *L'Idiot*. She is so exquisite that she can even bring charm and distinction to getting drunk with Mr. Granger on the cellar steps, to falling in the lake on purpose, or, truth to tell, to just sitting in a chair.

There are also Ronald Squire as the butler and Jeanne de Casalis as the French maid to guarantee some laughs. But the jokes are far from new and played at a funeral tempo almost fascinating. The pattern of the story, hero and heroine hating each other, is the oldest ever; its end can be seen in its beginning and if it were not for Mme. Feuillère the film would be an intolerable time a-getting there.

Abbott and Costello have never been my favourite comedians, but on previous occasions they have made me laugh feebly and occasionally. Not, however, in *The Wistful Widow* (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Pavilion, Marble Arch), which is the kind of film I should deplore finding at the village hall:

LESLIE HENSON ("Trouty") is the second subject of Emmwood's pencil, questing among the familiar figures of the theatre. In the way that some names are household words, Leslie Henson's is a household face, whose astonishing mobility and comic expressiveness is now working itself into the affections of a second generation of theatregoers, as anybody present at a performance of the lighthearted Saville success *Bob's Your Uncle* can witness. He first trod the boards at Bath in 1910 with a concert party, and ever since his achievements have been in the realm of bigger and better concert parties; uproarious, irrelevant affairs, paying tribute to "the legitimate" only with highly improbable plots. In the Henson canon, the situation's the thing. And the way in which he can turn a mildly humorous occasion into a wildly funny one is unforgettable.



"TROUTY"



Fitzalan-Howard—Keppel Wedding
at St. James's, Spanish Place

The bride, Miss Bridget Anne Keppel, and bridegroom,
the Hon. Martin Fitzalan-Howard, third son of the
Earl of Glossop



Capt. S. Tempest, Miss Iris Tempest
and Mrs. Tempest arriving for the
reception



Lady Serena James, with the Hon.
Mrs. David Bethell, sister-in-law of
Lord Westbury, and Mrs. Ivan Hay

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: The day after the dinner party which the King and Queen gave at Buckingham Palace for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, His Majesty left for a few days' shooting at Sandringham, where he entertained a small bachelor party. His guests were all good shots and included the Queen's brother, Col. Michael Bowes-Lyon, Col. Henry Abel Smith, Major Mike Adeane and Lt.-Cdr. Marten, the King's equerry.

The day he left, the Queen paid a visit to the Caldecott Village Community at Mersham-le-Hatch, and that evening I saw H.R.H. Princess Margaret, looking very attractive in her bridesmaid dress, dining with a party of friends at the Hungaria. Also with her in the party were Mr. Jock Colville, who is Princess Elizabeth's private secretary (this was a few days before his marriage to Lady Margaret Egerton at St. Margaret's, Westminster), and Lady Elizabeth Montagu. The party were sitting at the same table which the King and Queen used to occupy when they visited this restaurant many years ago as Duke and Duchess of York.

Before she came down from Scotland Princess Margaret, I hear, spent a week at Drumlanrig with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and their younger daughter, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and their son the Earl of Dalkeith. Lady Caroline, who is twenty and fair and pretty, is a great personal friend of the two Princesses, and

both she and her brother had spent ten days at Balmoral a little earlier.

I WENT to the really impressive reception given at Lloyd's in honour of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Although Lloyd's has been going for more than 260 years, their present headquarters are only twenty years old, a fine building which was opened by the late King George V. in 1928.

I have never seen more beautiful flowers at any party. There were huge vases of chrysanthemums, gladioli and autumn foliage, and they were everywhere along the marble corridors, at every doorway, surrounding the base of the Lutine Bell, and on many of the underwriting boxes.

Many of the men at the party wore orders and decorations, and the women their loveliest dresses. On arrival they walked down the wide marble corridors, through the bronze gates, into the immense underwriting room fondly known by everyone connected with Lloyd's as "The Room." Here they were received in front of the Lutine Bell by the chairman of Lloyds, Sir Eustace Pulbrook, with Lady Pulbrook, who wore a lovely black velvet dress with a diamond necklace and earrings. Each side were several rows of gilt chairs on which sat some of the already assembled guests, among whom I saw the Earl and Countess Mountbatten, who received a tremendous ovation when they arrived; everyone stood up and applauded them. Lord Mountbatten took a chair next to the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was sitting a little way farther on with Mrs. Fisher, and others I saw who took their places before the arrival of the Royal party were the French

Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the South African Minister of Mines and Mrs. Louw, the Attorney-General for Australia and Mrs. Evatt, the Prime Minister of New Zealand and Mrs. Peter Fraser, Viscount and Viscountess Bruce, the Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zaid el Hussein, in a striking purple dress, the Iranian Ambassador and Mme. Rais, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson, the latter in a black and blue striped dress, and the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Norman Robertson.

A BOUT 10.15 p.m. Sir Eustace and Lady Pulbrook, with Sir Stanley Aubrey, the deputy chairman of Lloyd's, went to the entrance to meet and escort their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, whose arrival in "The Room" was heralded by two strokes on the Lutine Bell. The Duchess of Gloucester looked very attractive in a dress of white and silver with a diamond tiara and lovely jewels. After many presentations the Royal party made a tour of the building, and then came back to "The Room" and went downstairs to see the Nelson relics, after pausing to hear from Sir Eustace the story of the Lutine Bell, which was salved in 1859 from the wreck of H.M.S. Lutine when she was lost in 1799 between Terschelling and Vlieland. The traditional purpose of the Bell was to warn members that an overdue vessel had either arrived or been lost; but wireless has changed that, and now the Bell is only used on rare occasions for an announcement of general interest.

Among other guests enjoying this wonderful party were the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Lord Justice Asquith and Lady Asquith, the Hon. Rupert Beckett, escorting



Also at the reception at 17, Hyde Park Gardens were Miss J. Cumming Bell and Miss N. Hibbert



The Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder, formerly the Hon. Patricia Stourton, with Mrs. George Crowder



The Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, who were married last year, were also among the guests



The Hon. Mrs. R. G. Micklethwait with the two pages, David Blow and Martin Stephenson

Mrs. Charlesworth, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Bob Laycock, Col. Sir Terence Nugent with Brig. Norman Gwatkin, Mr. and Mrs. George Wansbrough, who were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Cuttsell, Lord and Lady Brabazon, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, very chic in black, and Admiral Sir Philip and Lady Vian, the Admiral wearing impressive rows of medals. Also there were pretty Miss Barbara Crowle, Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Bromley and their daughters, Lord Cullen and his attractive wife, Lord Graves, Mr. Justice Romer and Lady Romer, Sir Orme Sargent and Mrs. Eddie Tatham.

THE crowds on the last day's racing at Ascot cheered as Lord Derby's great stayer Alycidon sailed past the winning-post, an easy winner by five lengths of the valuable King George VI. Stakes, in front of the French horses Djeddah and Flush Royal, thus raising the prestige of British bloodstock. No one was more delighted over this success than the owner's grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Derby, who has for many years taken the greatest interest in the Stanley Stud, which her late husband built up into one of the best studs in the world, and she received as many congratulations as her grandson when she went down to the unsaddling enclosure to see the winner come in.

It really was a very enjoyable afternoon, with good racing in the warmth and sunshine, so it was not surprising that there was a very big crowd. The Corps Diplomatique were represented by the doyen, the charming Brazilian Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Verdun, who had just returned from a brief visit to Holland, Lady Noel Charles and Mme. Massigli, whom I met on her way to the paddock escorted by Sir Eric Mieville.

The Countess of Rosebery was watching the racing with her son, Lord Primrose, who was in khaki; he is now doing his military training and had that morning got his sergeant's stripes. Prince George of Denmark I saw watching the horses in the paddock with Lady Sybil Middleton and her daughter Mary. Two women looking exceptionally smart in brown suits were the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, who had backed the first winner, and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, who told me she was off to Italy a few days later.

AMONG others I saw in this big crowd were Lady Zia Werner talking to Lady Stanley, the Countess of Sefton, who recently had her handbag stolen in Paris, in which, among other things, was a gold case given her when she was Lady Mayoress of Liverpool by the people of that city, Lady Claud Hamilton, very attractive in pink and grey, Mr. Ronnie Aird and his daughter Gillian, Mrs. Washington Singer, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, over from nearby Englemore, Princess Aly Khan, making one of her rare appearances racing and greeting many friends, Major and Mrs. Peter Barrow, Major and Mrs. Douglas Forster, and Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, who were off house hunting in the district after racing.

MANY of the same enthusiasts were present the following Wednesday at Newmarket to see Viscount Allendale's Woodburn win the Cesarewitch after an exciting finish, beating Vertencia by only a neck. This was a very popular win all round, as not only was Woodburn second favourite, but his owner is one of the stewards at Newmarket, and a great supporter of racing, and Capt. Elsey is one of the best-liked trainers in the North. Congratulations were showered on both.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal, in a plainly cut green ensemble, was in the paddock before the big race watching the horses with Miss Jane Clayton, where I also saw Vera Lady Broughton, Lord and Lady George Scott, Mr. Tom Blackwell and his pretty wife watching his horse Parasol, Mr. Jimmy Jarvis seeing his father Sir John Jarvis's Cappielluca saddled, and the Marquess of Blandford finding his height a great advantage in the crowd. Also the Marquess of Hartington and his sister Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Mr. John Pares-Wilson, Mrs. John Dewar, in a very striking feathered hat, Miss Charmian

Allsopp, in a neat red tweed, Lady Sudeley, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and their daughter Mary, M. and Mme. Leon Volterra who had flown from France, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Beer—he used to own that good sprinter Diomedes, but in recent years has devoted more of his time to music than racing.

In the private stand, which was not nearly as crowded as usual on a big race day, I saw Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, attractive in red, wearing lovely sables, with her husband Prince Vsevolode, Lady Watson, also looking smart in red, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, who had been to the sales in the morning, Mrs. Chris Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. Pussy Mellon, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hoare, Mrs. Scott Miller, who told me her husband was too busy with his political duties to come racing, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Renshaw, who live in Sufolk, as do Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh who were racing with their son and daughter.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbald, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Mr. Jack Thursby, chatting to Mme. Massigli, Mrs. Dennis Russell and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, the latter delighted at the success of Bignonia which her husband helps to train.

MISS JUNE CORY-WRIGHT, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, had a picturesque country wedding when she married Mr. John Horlick, only son of Col. and Mrs. James Horlick, in the lovely old eleventh-century church at Wheathampstead. Villagers who had known the bride since childhood lined the long walk from the lychgate up to the church as the bride, wearing a dress of silver and white brocade with a tulle veil held in place by clusters of orange blossom, walked slowly up the path with her father.

She was attended by three pages, David and Anthony Wagg, nephews of the bridegroom, and Christopher Leathers, wearing white doublets and hose with silver jerkins and boots. Behind them came seven bridesmaids: her sisters Mariegold and Cleone Cory-Wright, Miss Mary-Clare Fitzgerald, Miss Elizabeth Bryant, Miss Gill Martin, Miss Jennifer Levy and Miss Sally Martin Smith, who all wore long dresses of white moiré taffeta, and clusters of fresh flowers in their hair to tone with their bouquets. There were masses of really lovely flowers in the church, urns of dahlias and gladioli of every conceivable shade, and clusters of michaelmas daisies which had all been grown in nearby gardens and beautifully arranged by the bride's mother and sisters and two friends.

Mr. Ashley Ponsonby was best man, and among the ushers who were kept busy seating the guests were the bride's cousins Michael, David and Mark Cory-Wright, Mr. Gerald Legge, Lord Herschell and Mr. Robin Muir.



Two of the eight bridesmaids, Miss Fay James and the Hon. Philippa Bewicke-Copley

AMONG relations I saw at the reception were the bride and bridegroom's parents, the bride's grandfathers Sir Arthur Cory-Wright and Mr. Rudolf Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, the bridegroom's sisters Mrs. J. Weaver and Mrs. Conto-michalos, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Levy. Among other guests were Viscount and Viscountess Hampden with their son-in-law and daughter, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, Lady Hermione Cobbald, and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison with her daughters Penelope and Felicity. Lady Ashley Cooper was chatting to Mrs. Richard Oakley and her daughter Barbara, and nearby were Lady Gordon Munro, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, Lord and Lady Leathers and the Hon. Fred and Mrs. Leathers, whose son was a page; they had only left Portugal by air that morning.

The bride looked sweet in her going-away dress and jacket of bluey-green with a hat to match when the young couple left for their honeymoon, which they are spending motoring through France and Italy.

"The Tatler" was a guest at—

THE ROYAL LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB'S ANNUAL DINNER



Lt.-Col. the Hon. C. H. C. Guest, the Commodore, shows a Dutch wine-bottle holder to Mr. G. F. C. Power, Mrs. H. Tobin and Mr. Cecil Fullerton



Capt. John Illingworth, R.N., Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club and guest of honour, replies to a toast



Miss Cecily Dixon, Mr. Morin Scott, Miss A. M. Currey and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. C. Power recount some amusing reminiscences



Mrs. W. Martineau, wife of the Vice-Commodore, talking to Mr. F. Usborne, Secretary of the Yacht Racing Association



The end of this table was occupied by Mr. Richard Creagh-Osborne, Mr. Patrick Wales-Smith, Miss Frances Batten and Col. and Mrs. Ian Batten



Major-General R. M. Luckock, C.B., and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, who was Commodore of the Club from 1937 to 1946, inspect a fine painting of eighteenth-century warships in the lounge



Mrs. John Illingworth talking to Mrs. Laurent Giles and Mrs. H. S. Cowan, a yachtswoman from Adelaide



Mrs. Ian Carr, Mrs. John Perkins and Mrs. Jack Bryans were three more of the eighty diners at the Club House on Lymington River



Major-General R. M. Luckock, Vice-Commodore, talks to Capt. Illingworth about the Bermuda Ocean Race in which the captain took part



Major-General Luckock with Mrs. H. Albrecht, Sir Talbot Chetwynd, Bt., and Capt. G. C. M. Williams



Lt.-Col. Guest, who was formerly M.P. for the Drake Division of Plymouth, drinks a toast to the guest of honour

The Comédie Française Comes to London



The Hon. Caroline Cust, daughter of Lord and Lady Brownlow, arriving for the first night with Viscount Furness



Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, and Mrs. Morrison were also in the audience



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton.
Mrs. Acton is a relative of
Viscount Cowdray



The three-weeks' official visit of the Comédie Française to the Cambridge Theatre, where a Molière season ends on Saturday, is the sixth time since 1871 that the company has been seen in London. The last time it was here was on an unofficial exchange visit with the Old Vic in 1945. The scene above shows Mony Dalmas and Jean Mayer in "La Navette" ("The Shuttle"), by Henri Becque, the amusing curtain-raiser to "Le Misanthrope"



Miss Gina Bachauer, the Greek pianist, and Mr. Alec Sherman, founder of the New London Orchestra



Sir John Anderson, M.P., wartime Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Lady Anderson

Priscilla

Maurice

EVER since the U.N. descended upon us it has been difficult to find accommodation in any Paris hotel, and when the Salon de l'Automobile opened at the Grand Palais the last billiard-tables were snapped up by families from the provinces. (Three adults lengthways, five children across!) Many people slept in their cars. No great hardship for some proud owners, but possessors of the baby brand of bus have found it a pretty tight fit. Every evening the usherettes in the theatres found tired sightseers hiding in the boxes, where they had hoped to pass the night, only moving out next morning on the arrival of the Ladies of the Char. Quite an idea in this, especially at the Opera, where there are soft—but narrow—little divans at the back of some of the *baignoires*.

The great excitement of the Salon was a new midget two-cylinder car that is supposed to do over 70 to the gallon, carry four passengers, 100 lb. of luggage and average 30! As its present cost—about £220—is based on salaries paid up to last summer, and it will not be available to the public till next year, the total, at time of future purchase, is problematic. Anyway, I think I shall stick to my twenty-two-year-old friend till we celebrate our golden wedding . . . unless we end in the ditch ere then. I like to know there is a bit of solid metal between me and the hard earth. All these light machines scare me to death. I wonder what would happen if we got caught in a proper hailstorm and the stones came through the roof. Switch on the heating system, I presume, melt them and then bail out.

Maurice Chevalier is always in the news these days. The other evening he opened a little theatre, cutting the ribbon across the entrance with the usual golden scissors (well, silver-gilt, anyway) and pronouncing it well and truly opened. This is the Centre de la Chanson, and is to be found in the Faubourg Montmartre. It is "dedicated to the Art of the Songster."

All the theatrical crowd turned up for this fiesta and, for the occasion, old favourites sang the favourite old ditties that have steered their way to stardom. Lucienne Boyer's husky-sweet voice whispered *Parlez-moi d'Amour*,



MARIT ASCHAN, who is the wife of Mr. Carl Aschan and daughter of Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness, has been holding her first exhibition of paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery, in association with Lady Edith Nicholson, who has been showing pastels. Marit Aschan is seen above (left) with Mr. Alfred Bossom, M.P., and Miss Susan Warren Pearl at the opening of the exhibition. She is half-Irish and half-Norwegian and has two children



Mr. Geoffrey Edwards and Miss Lucia Dixon were also among those who were studying the paintings on the opening day

Chevalier Starts His Farewell

which takes us back quite a few years, though the charming singer looks younger and prettier than ever, despite a daughter rising eleven.

Cerdan was there. We couldn't persuade him to sing, but he and Maurice indulged in a bout of comic sparring. In the rather shy and halting way that is so touching when it is sincere, Cerdan said a few words, and was, of course, madly cheered.

TWO evenings later, at the beautiful Théâtre des Champs Élysées, Maurice Chevalier gave the first of the twenty-five song recitals that have been announced as being his last appearance on the stage. We resolutely refuse to believe this. Paris will arise and yell, "You can't do this to us, Momo!"

Never have I seen such a house, such frocks, such lovely women, from Lady Diana Cooper—who is organising a grand gala for the opening night of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* in order to raise greatly-needed funds for the Hertford British Hospital—to Miss Norma Shearer, for whom the word "gracious" must have been coined. There were more ambassadors, ministers and famous generals to the square yard than at a Royal wedding, and so many stage stars and personages that half the other theatres in Paris must have sent their understudies on that evening.

THE young Argentine journalist who states that French women are not interested in politics simply because French political leaders are so lacking in sex-appeal is somewhat *bornée* in her appreciation of *la femme française*. On the other hand, she may be right, and, if so, long may this state of affairs continue. If our rugged Herriots, elongated Schumans, obese Torrès and little Reynauds and Bidaults were what the Paris film magazines call "pin-up" boys and had fan mails to answer, life would be even more complicated than it is already.

But, anyway, the *señorita* is hardly fair to the mortals now engaged in mis-shaping our destinies. Compared with the political personages of my youth, they are handsome both in face and form.

Remember Fallières, who specialised in warts and polka-dotted ties that were as flowing as

his hair! Remember also Cheron, who, bald-headed, rosy-cheeked and partial to elastic-sided boots, was so scathingly qualified by the late Lord Snowden as "grotesque and ridiculous"! This to the utter joy of the Paris *chansonniers*, to whom it was a whole season's source of inspiration, and who promptly retaliated—although they shared his opinion—by calling the irascible Englishman *le sinistre du Yorkshire*!

Those were the happy days when satirical revues were so good-humouredly amusing. Now they are just as amusing, but the wit is more trenchantly bitter and there is a cruel note in the laughter that greets it. The René Dorin show of this kind at the Deux Aînes (Boulevard de Clichy) is one that French-speaking visitors should not miss at the moment.

M. LÉON BAILBY, that very grand old man of French journalism who, despite his eighty years of age, is still slim and upright, and looks yet young under his thatch of thick, white hair, gave a luncheon party recently to his friends and collaborators who are helping him to prepare the entertainment that will take place at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, the annual charity gala that provides so many "little white beds" for the poor children of France. Amongst the guests invited to the beautiful flat on the Quai Voltaire overlooking the river were Louis Jouvet, Jean Cocteau, Albert de Gobert, Mme. Simone Volterra, Jean Marais and Noel Coward. It was a gay party in a perfect setting, and M. Bailby's famous chef most nobly lived up to his reputation.

Voilà!

• Mme. Odette Pannier, writing of her first meeting with Jean Cocteau, tells how the famous author modestly said: "The truth is that people know me simply because I'm always around!" We always had the idea that quite a few people read him as well!



Lady Edith Nicholson, who is the wife of Sir William Nicholson, the painter, with Mrs. J. Laing and Mr. Chris Laing



Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness, mother of Marit Aschan, talking to Mrs. Warren Pearl, who has recently returned from New York



The south front of the house from the terrace lawn

A CONCERT IS GIVEN AT POLESDEN

SOMETIMES poetically described as one of the brightest jewels in the crown of Surrey, Polesden Lacey, near Dorking, is distinguished not so much for its Regency architecture as for its magnificent setting and its interior—this last an outstanding example of the sumptuous taste of the Edwardian period. It is now the property of the National Trust, to which it was left, with all its treasures, by its late brilliant and witty owner, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, whose receptions were famous.

The curator for the National Trust, the author, who this summer gave a series of concerts in the mansion, for such performances other châteaux of the Loire. At these, guests listened to the Andreans, also a singer. So successful was the series that it was proposed to repeat it, perhaps

Photographed by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Supper was served in the oak-paneled corridor to those who could not be accommodated in the dining-room. Most of the pictures collected by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville and her father, the Rt. Hon. Wm. McEwan, are housed in this corridor, which surrounds the central courtyard.

IN LACEY

Trust is Mr. Robin Fedden, who arranged two chamber music fitter setting could be found than, perhaps, one of the old in concert about one hundred rangeon Quartet, and there was as this experiment that it is on a wider scale, next year



Listening to a quartet in the hall, which contains some beautiful examples of Mortlake and Brussels tapestry. The interior of the house was entirely reconstructed by Mrs. Greville



The dining-room, where supper was served after the concert, is chiefly devoted to English portraits, and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century silver. The pictures seen are Raeburns. "The Patterson Children," over the mantelpiece, was bought for £16,000



Mr. Sean Lemass, who was a Minister in the last Government, congratulating Mr. J. V. Rank on his victory with Shagreen

At Leopardstown for the Laragh 'Chase



Lady Robinson, Mrs. John Cunningham, Mrs. Cecil Lavery, Mr. Cecil Lavery (Eire's Attorney-General), Mr. J. M. Dillon (Minister for Agriculture) and Lady Esmonde



Viscount Powerscourt chatting to G/Capt. Charles Tighe, of Ballina Park, Rathnew, Co. Wicklow, and Mrs. Tighe



Lord Glenavy, Governor of the Bank of Ireland, with Miss June Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Palmer, of Galway



Mrs. J. H. Halloues with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally Stourton, of Tara, a committee member



Mrs. M. Baggallay and Mrs. John Farrell, two popular followers of the Meath Foxhounds, in the jumping enclosure



Miss April ffrench-Mullen and Miss Sheila Fleury, who follow the North Kildare Hunt, await their turn to compete



Mrs. Hume Dudgeon, wife of Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, the celebrated rider and trainer, with Miss P. Hildebrand and Miss C. Rees

Visitors and Competitors at the Co. Meath Agricultural Show



Mrs. G. M. King, wife of Major G. King, of Stamullen, Co. Meath, with her children, Simon and Leila



Mr. G. V. Malcolmson, one of the judges, presenting the winning rosette to Miss Carmel O'Neill, who won the Open Jumping on Chicks



Lt.-Col. W. M. Cunningham, A.D.C. to Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, with his wife. Both greatly enjoyed this show, held at Navan



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

RECENT tantrums from the Soviet's emissary in Paris were Russian enough, yet not (if Mrs. Boffin will forgive the phrase) total, absolute, or Lyesovsky-Russian.

Admiral Lyesovsky is the bluff old seadog in Rimsky-Korsakov's lately-published memoirs who bit off a sailor's nose in a fit of pique; a simple gesture which seems to us far more in the grand Slav manner than all that hysterical weeping and roaring and smashing wine-glasses and singing mournful dirges with gipsy-orchestras which used to go on every time a woman turned a Russian down, and doubtless deer still. Observe moreover that the Admiral was not a neurotic, and that he bit the sailor's nose off with no ideological *arrière-pensée* whatsoever; whereas any type resembling that tiresome fool Posdnichiev in *The Kreutzer Sonata* would chatter for the next 48 hours, non-stop, analysing his motives and reflexes till the cows came home.

Auger Kipling said it. "The Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt." Oddly enough Kipling never foresaw what is now menacing all Europe. It took a clever girl like Mme. de Pompadour to do this, two hundred years before him (see her Correspondence).

Rell

BY a curious coincidence a somewhat arch letter to Auntie *Times* on the charm of trams, by a citizen signing himself "Tram-Lover," appeared on the day of the death of Mr. Aubrey Llewellyn Coventry Fell, late General Manager of L.C.C. Tramways, whose rhythmic name, blazoned in full on every London tramcar for twenty years, inspired a lyric of the 1920's beginning:

Aubrey Llewellyn Coventry Fell,
When your tram rocks, I don't feel well . . .

The poet (whom we knew) was a commuter on the Holborn-Hampstead midnight tram service, since superseded by trolleybuses. Like the black Bilbao tramp in *L'Envoi*, this tram at speed developed a bucking beam-sea roll which (said this chap) made the lights of King's Cross Station bob about like the lights of Calais in a Channel gale, and the run past the Royal Veterinary College was sometimes like rounding Cape Horn in windjammer days. Many passengers were sick (added this chap) and some were thrown about the rocking upper deck and died. What principally made him ill was the fact that Mr. A. L. C. Fell's name was practically an alcaic line but not quite. Two more short feet at the end (or a name like "Whacker-bath") would have made it perfect.

Rental

SHARKS are losing their nerve like the rest of us, it appears from a news-item about a sweetheart bathing off the Pacific coast who caused a school of sharks to disperse

(she said) by making faces at them like a little actress.

These dumb chums once took a modest pride in biting people accurately in half with a single snap, as indicated in a moving poem by James Grainger (1721-67), about a British sailor who too-impulsively leaped from his ship to the arms of his Indian love:

Then through the white surf she did haste
To clasp her lovely swain,
But ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's-blood dy'd the main!

Discussing this in Wimpole Street last week, we were assured by a dental authority that sharks may often suffer from toothache, pyorrhoea, and similar trouble. This naturally makes them chary of taking a crack at anything they come across. The obvious remedy occurred long ago, it appears, to Tennyson, with its equally obvious drawbacks:

Sharks with false teeth will rarely venture
To jeopardise a brand-new denture . . .

These lines (from *A Dream of Tough Women*) encouraged many hardy Old Roedean girls to take risks they later regretted, though not so bitterly as some of the sharks.

Maths.

A THINKER worrying over making elementary arithmetic "more attractive" to its tiny victims seemed to think the idea has never occurred to anyone before, whereas it occurred to a Sanskrit mathematician centuries ago. As indeed we once realised to our cost, a romantic governess having got hold of a late-Victorian translation of this pest.

This was the kind of thing, still livid in memory:

One-fifth of a hive of honey-bees flew to the Jujar-flower; one-third flew to the Bhong-tree; twice the difference between these numbers flew to a pickled-mango grove, and two bees continued flying round, attracted by the fragrant *bilj* and the sweet-scented *chup*. Required, the total number of bees.

It made a change from nonsense about apples and herrings, but had no great effect otherwise. Nor do we regret it, since even what are called "pure" mathematicians seem highly unlikeable, and as for the impure ones, they must be bores of a peculiarly revolting kind, indulging in antics one would rather not think about. Instinctive and dogged resistance to the lure of the fragrant Jujar-flower and the pickled Bhong-tree caused us, at length to be written off as totally cretinous. Nor do we regret it, again, for it kept us off the Stock Exchange, and that, chicks, is how we met your Grandmamma. (Enter Peter Pan, hiccupping.)

Hegira

B EERBOHM-ADDICTS, of whom we are one, will note with relief that the new Hegira, or Flight from Surrey, is now achieved. The master is back at the Villino Chiaro, we note from a daily paper. Before his musing eyes stretches once more the illimitable Mediterranean blue. Around him are his books, including one which contains an alleged autograph-inscription, rather effusive, to her dear Mr. Beerbohm from Victoria, R. & I. Above are the frescoes painted by the master's hand, still fresh, one trusts, and of exquisite fantasy.

This is exactly as it should be, for Surrey was never a Beerbohm background. That *décor* of rhododendrons and stockbrokers soon palls, once the first crude quaintness wears off, and it was often embarrassing to think of the master in such circumstances. You ask where else he could have spent with us his years of exile from Rapallo? He could perhaps have spent them at Penge (Kent), like his hero Felix Argallo. "'With us' is perhaps not quite the phrase to use about a man living at Penge," as the master has himself justly remarked. But Penge affords a quiet grey-brown background, ideal for meditation, and who the devil can meditate in Surrey?

Write your answer very carefully on a postcard and address it to "Miss Saucy 1948," Beauty Queen of Croydon.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Nothing very exciting, m'lord—two circulars, a bill from the vet. and a rather amusing postcard from Master Eustace in Paris . . ."

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

 **I**t will be welcome news to those who think that ancient monuments should be saved from the despoiling hands of the modern iconoclast that the old Red Lion Inn at Sittingbourne, on the "road back from Agincourt," is to be preserved. It was here that Henry V. and the advance guard of his troops halted, watered and fed their horses (and likewise regaled themselves), on their long march from Dover to London, and *en route* for the great pageant which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London had prepared for them at Blackheath.

Unfortunately, the Lord Mayor's Show went off at half-cock, because the King, tired to tears and, maybe, a bit bilious from the rough crossing of the Channel, refused to be lionised. According to Holinshed, he would not even allow his bruised arms to be carried before him to give the Lord Mayor and the hordes of enthusiastic citizens a sight of the dents sustained in the hand-to-hand fight when the Duc D'Alençon burst through and procured for France the only bright spot in her mismanaged attack. Henry and his men-at-arms had to fight like rats in a pit to stop this gallant effort which, even though the battle had already been won by the English archers, might have made it impossible for the King to reach anything like as far as the Red Lion at Sittingbourne.

THE rest of The Constable's assault went sadly agley. He had an overwhelming advantage in numbers (10 to 1), especially in cavalry. He had sense enough to realise that they could not charge over two miles of heavy plough (the silly cinema presentation shows us a charge on good going), so he dismounted all bar about one regiment and expected his wretched knights to make a success of a dismounted attack hampered as they were by their swords, lances, shields and long spiked spurs. The English archers made pin-cushions of them at decisive range, and then waltzed in with their axes and maces and did in any that remained.

Henry had no need to make use of his small cavalry force, but what a mess he might have made of The Constable's two divisions and the led horses if he had! The Constable's third line drawn up in divisional mass never came into action at all, but turned and fled like scalded cats when they saw what had happened to their friends. The true story, not the cinema one, ought to be pasted up in the old Red Lion Inn!

Henry V. paid 9s. 6d. for his lunch at the famous hostelry. He was not the only Royal patron, for both George I. and George II. frequently stayed there when on the way to Dover and their well-beloved Hanover. It is also just possible that the Canterbury Pilgrims were amongst the patrons, but Chaucer says nothing about it!

LT.-COL. T. W. SHEPPARD-GRAHAM, of Rednock House, Port-of-Menteith, nr. Stirling, sends me the following very kind and interesting letter:

"I've been reading your book *Monarchy and the Chase* with great interest. I can perhaps throw a little light upon the method of taking deer to which you refer on page 59 (at Eridge). I was a young subaltern in those days (either 1895 or 6) and spent my leave in hunting with the Eridge, the West Kent and the Mid-Kent Staghounds (Carted Deer). One day the then Master of the Eridge (Lord Henry Nevill) asked me if I would come and help take red deer in Eridge Park. When I arrived there were a few mounted people like myself. We were told off in parties of three. I came under Henry Nevill's orders with one other man, whose identity I cannot now recall, but he had been

at this before and knew what to do. I was told I must do precisely and exactly what I was told.

"On various knowes dotted about the park stood underkeepers each holding one couple of hounds in leash. As far as I can now recall them these were like the old Scottish deerhound. The main herd of Red Deer were now set in motion by part of the field, and it was explained to me that the object of the whole performance was to ride off and take suitable stags in order to remove them into special paddocks for fattening. To cut the story short, a stag broke away from the main herd near where my group stood, the hounds were slipped and we then sat down and rode as hard as we could for about half to three-quarters of a mile, when the stag turned to bay.

ONE of our hounds was a young one, the other older and experienced. Whilst we were dismounting as fast as we could, the young dog went in to the stag and got bowled over, the older hound baying him all the time. Either Henry Nevill or the other fellow now threw a lariat and caught the stag by the forelegs (I think) and threw him, and I was instantly ordered to 'Sit on his head!' I remember well I didn't like it much! But I obeyed and I recall being peremptorily told to be quick about it. The other two now roped his two forelegs together and then set about doing the same to his hind legs. Here was very considerable danger! As you can imagine, one well-directed kick would have laid out or killed the man hit. Afterwards it was explained to me that I ran no risk at all from his head, but that the real danger lay in the hind legs. After the stag was hobbled in this fashion he was led off quite peacefully to the paddock.

"I am now in my seventy-sixth year and that is all I can recall of this episode, but even in those days I loved hounds, and subsequently hunted in most parts of Ireland with a pack of otterhounds in the summer when quartered in that delightful country for seven years, and in the winter hunted with the Limerick (Frank Wise), etc. I am not certain, but my strong impression is that these hounds at Eridge were the old-fashioned Scottish deerhound. They could certainly move, for I was riding a first-rate horse and had to push him hard, and galloping all out in a place full of rabbit earths is more than a little alarming!"



THE announcement that the executors of the late Lord Fitzwilliam and the directors of The Rockingham Stud Company have decided to sell this famous stud farm will arouse both interest and regret amongst those who have to do with bloodstock breeding. The property is to be put up for sale by auction early in December. Rockingham is well known as one of the best-equipped stud farms in the country. Lord Fitzwilliam was probably even more famous in the hunting world than in that of the Turf, and in his younger days was famed for thinking nothing of hunting one day with the packs with which his name was connected, and catching the night boat out of Liverpool and hunting the next in Ireland.

He was Billy Fitzwilliam to his intimates, and in the times when I first met him as Lord Milton, when he was on Lord Lansdowne's Viceregal staff in India, a more than average good four-in-hand whip. This was in the times when Lord Bill Beresford used to look after the Viceroys of India, which meant India at large. I recall one occasion when, his horse not having arrived in time, Bill Beresford pulled one of the leaders out of the Government House coach team and rode him in a Calcutta paper-chase. He got a sockdolager of a fall, and Lord Milton had to tool the coach back to town with a pick-up leader to take the place of the other one, lame as a duck from the fall.



Mrs. C. Grafton with Miss B. King (mounted) and Mary Bocker, who is gaining notice as a child show jumper

The Hampshire Hunt Trials at Bentworth



Miss Delphine Durham and Mrs. Giles Baring discuss the exhibits in the horse show, which was combined with the hunter trials



Miss M. Allfrey, who was one of the competitors, accompanies her mother, Mrs. E. M. Allfrey, with the picnic material



Mrs. R. Petre watching an event with Capt. R. Petre and Lt.-Col. Paley Johnson



W. Dennis Moss

The Royal Agricultural College (Cirencester) Beagles recently held their opening meet at the College, and are seen moving off led by Mr. R. H. Watkins, the Master, and Mr. J. B. Freeland, the Secretary, and followed by students. The pack was formed in 1889, and with the exception of the two war periods has been hunted ever since

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's

Scoreboard



IT'S thirty-five years since I carved the epigram "October 27th" on my desk at school, while the geography master was explaining the course of the St. Lawrence River. His fingers had cracks in them from too much gardening, and he used to repair them with "New Skin," so that the whole class-room smelt of bananas. He was a croquet champion, and, at cricket net-practice, he wouldn't bowl to you till you'd raised your bat behind you over the leg stump; so that forgetful or obstinate batsmen found him still about to bowl from a yard in front of them.

KENT had won the County championship. Frank Woolley made 177 against Surrey at Blackheath. Colin Blythe was the best bowler in England and therefore, patriotism still being fashionable, in the world. A boy of nineteen, Francis Ouimet, had beaten our Harry Vardon and Ted Ray in the play-off for the American Open Championship, and everyone had their own idea about pronouncing his name. We came to know much more about him later, when he was the ever-welcome captain of the United States Walker Cup Team; the best non-plenipotentiary ambassador a country ever sent; and an amateur in the real sense of that very shop-soiled word.

October 27th: The Conker season was at its climax. My own two-hundred-and-twenty-oner (so I said) had just burst asunder to an illegally oven-baked nougat. I won't play you again, Johnson mus., you beastly stringer.

BACCHUSHEATH Rugby Club miss the skill and *brio* of their former centre-threequarter, J. G. W. Davies. Between more official engagements at Lake Success and the United Nations Assembly at Paris he was present at the match which Newport so brilliantly won at the Rectory Field; and, I. P. Campbell being delayed in transit, he nearly had to take the field.

Davies shines as one of the few all-rounders amid the prevailing murk of specialism. As a cricketer for Kent he is a batsman who fully exercises cover-point, a position that he himself can fill with easy footwork and throwing which any Australian might envy. As a bowler, he uses a few steps, guile, and a potent off-spin. When an undergraduate at Cambridge, he bowled Don Bradman for 0. More than once he won the Singles Championship of Rugby Fives.

In his off hours he took a double First-Class in the Classical Tripos. And he still, I fancy, holds the record for a sprint at Folkestone in evening-dress from the well-known dance-hall on the front to the Grand Hotel.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT
*When foxes are short in the County,
True sportsmen, we don't care a fig;
For Nature provides, in her bounty,
That versatile creature, the Pig.*

For think of the exercise taken
By hunter and hunted; while—hush—
For breakfast or dinner, the bacon
Fries better, we find, than the Brush.

AMID the rumble of world indigestion, and on the even more widespread speculations on the temporary decline of Everton, the England cricket team glided away half-unnoticed towards South Africa. Denis Compton's small son Brian did not approve of the departure of a father who, one moment, is shooting goals at Highbury and, the next, looking for centuries at Durban.

English professionals who coach cricket in South Africa each winter forecast that new stars, not ours, will shortly be twinkling in the sky of fame. News also comes that H. G. "Tuppy" Owen Smith, now a general medical practitioner, "no longer takes cricket seriously." He never did; and his conduct at Test matches shocked many a pious fanatic. Also, when captaining England at Rugger, he threw lemons about at half-time.



The King with Dominion Prime Ministers and representatives in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace at the start of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. Left to right: Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia), who came as an observer; Mr. Senanayake (Ceylon), Liaquat Ali Khan (Pakistan), Dr. Evatt (Deputy Prime Minister, Australia), His Majesty, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Norman Robertson (Canadian High Commissioner in London), Dr. Louis (Minister of Mines, South Africa), Mr. Fraser (New Zealand) and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru (India)

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Rage of the Vulture"

"The Mask of Wisdom"

"Boys Will Be Boys"

WHEN a man with a name in another field turns to the novel, the event is important. Alan Moorehead did not take long to show that a war correspondent can be an artist; he gave event and action, while those were still in the raw, the prestige of history, the poetry of truth. His *African Trilogy* gave us the panoramic view; with, at the same time, an amazing foreground of close-ups. "He has come nearer to the soldiers," said one critic, "than any other correspondent."

Such ideal reporting could not, in fact, fail to discourage the merely inventive novelist, who had to ask himself how much fancy was worth when so great a fire was to be struck from fact. During the late war, fiction decidedly lost ground, while brilliant *reportage*, with such practitioners as Alan Moorehead at its head, captured the public imagination more and more—and rightly. Battlefronts, precarious movement across countries, the minutiae and temperament of campaigns were brought to the inner eye of the man at home.

* * *

SINCE 1945, the world has become some degrees, only, less terrible, and no less amazing. Crisis after crisis sputters; in every country the war-aftermath develops its own dramas; the demand to know what is happening has not declined. There is no question of the ex-war reporter being out of work—and, if there were any question of the profession's being axed by circumstance, Mr. Moorehead's would be the last position to be endangered. We may take it, therefore, that if he writes a novel he emphatically has not taken to novel-writing because he has nothing else to do. He has written a novel because the novel appeals to him; and the novel would not appeal to him, one imagines, did he not see some use, some

virtue, some possibility in the act of *invention*. *The Rage of the Vulture* (Hamish Hamilton; 9s.) is to be judged not merely as an experiment or let-up but as a serious step on Mr. Moorehead's part. With this book he has shouldered, for the first time, the onerous freedom of the story-teller: he becomes responsible for every act and thought, every slightest movement of the slightest shadow in this world of the story he brings to being. He brings, it is true, to the novel a background, a factual vocabulary, a documentation, a sheer *knowledge* the normal novelist lacks; and, unlike authors of other first novels, he is already educated in writing. The critic will look in vain for elementary defects: what is interesting is to see what use Mr. Moorehead has made of his new liberties.

* * *

THE theme of *The Rage of the Vulture* is a terrible one—chiefly because it is contemporary and likely. I quote (as I cannot better) the summary on the wrapper: "In the Himalayan State of Kandahar a century of peace is coming to an end. The British Raj is packing up, and the old struggle of Muslim against Hindu is once more about to break out. . . .

"Cut off in the capital of Kandahar are a group of British men and women who had hoped to end their days there in comfortable retirement. Sudden danger shatters their habits, quickens and changes their animosities . . ." Yes, indeed. Here are a group of stuffies, of die-hards, prejudice-bound and faction-ridden, type-characters very much of the type stigmatised by E. M. Forster in his *A Passage to India* in 1924—a year when it seemed that their shadow would not grow less. "The sun never sets [we were told] on the Union Jack." Mr. Moorehead, ruthless, depicts a sunset—in which

our flag flames out in superb and uncanny colours such as never were on land or sea. Of these ageing and, normally speaking, futile personalities of the Club and Flannagan's Hotel, it might be said that nothing in their power became them like their leaving of it.

* * *

KANDAHAR, at its crisis, is seen through the eyes of Ian Pearson, ex-prisoner of war, a young man with a lasting neurotic wound. Travelling for a firm in Calcutta, Pearson—impassive, apparently, to an inhuman point, steps out of a plane at the local airport at a moment when everybody is trying to get away. Business being, as things are, out of the question, he not unwillingly reckons this as a holiday; and forthwith rents a houseboat—one of a now-all-but-deserted flotilla—on the river.

The touch of abnormality in his mood is stressed: Pearson wants to remain a spectator only. Events and persons, however, involve him up to the hilt. Love for a heroic blind girl breaks through his guard; the friendly forbearance of a British couple, his river-neighbours, rebukes his unripe theorising as to the Indian muddle. That couple, the Brittons, are, with their children, the first to attempt to leave: their initiative earns them an appalling fate—what Pearson finds at Belapore, when he is sent by blind Liz to look for her friends the Brittons, is the agonising beginning of a cure of his nervous state.

Kandahar as a whole—not the British only, Hindu and Muslim—is, in *The Rage of the Vulture*, sliced across for our view. The fat valley lands, supine, the emasculated shopkeepers of the city await, with fatalism, the descent of the tribesmen from the hills. Pearson's conversation with Ibrahim, his self-constituted Muslim servant, is symptomatic:

Ibrahim raised his eyes to the fancy wooden paneling on the ceiling. "It is as God wills."

Pearson laughed. "You're hopeless, Ibrahim. Is there nothing that will make you fight?"

"I would fight for Nawab Azam, sir. He is our national leader. He will create a free and independent state for the Muslims in Kandahar. But it will be a disaster. Our houses will be burnt. Our shops will be looted. And many of my people will be murdered."

"At least you will be free."

"What is the use of freedom, sir, when you are dead?"

"What is the use of life when you are slaves? What hope is there?"

"We have no hope. We simply wait to hear God's will."

"Oh, what's the good—" Pearson threw down his table napkin and pushed the table away.

"There is coffee, sir," said Ibrahim.

* * *

THE RAGE OF THE VULTURE" is tautly, commandingly and totally exciting—I read it with a throbbing in my head, with an occasional icy feeling of sinking, as though I were one of the characters involved. The sack of Kandahar is a piece of writing which would be amazing in a novel were not the novelist also, in this case, Mr. Moorehead. I would not on any account reveal the end of the story—at the same time, I do not wish to frighten readers off: *The Rage of the Vulture* has a bearable close, and is not at any point unrelieved tragedy. Further, to be as very good as it is, this book had got to be a novel: in presenting the Kandahar situation (a true situation in an imaginary state), Mr. Moorehead gains immensely by the fragmentary method—i.e., by using his people as little mirrors reflecting, each in its way, an immeasurably threatening sky. Using the novelist's free pass, he has entered a number of unalike, different natures, to touch the mainspring of each.

* * *

HOWARD CLEWES, unlike Alan Moorehead, is—as far as I know—a writer who went straight to the novel. Still young, he has already confounded grumbler of the nothing-with-reading-these-days school. In fact, Mr. Clewes' generation is putting out a small but exceedingly forceful batch of novelists—of which he himself is as fair, and accordingly as hopeful, an example as one can have. He is a dramatic story-teller who gains by being essentially the child of his own time: a more sheltered epoch could not have given birth to him. He not only incorporates into his novels the recent experiences of the world, but seems to extract from those experiences, bewildering as they have been, some new truth.

I would take it to be his philosophy that there is no such thing as total loss. I do not by this suggest that he has a comfortable doctrine—no, that there is anything, in the facile sense, consolatory about his novels I cannot say: he deals with desperate persons in predicaments from which there is no way out.

* * *

YOU may well remember *The Unforgiven*, in which we had a desultory little group of Resistance people cut off on a mountain, and more than glad to stay there as they have not the slightest idea what to do next. Now, in his latest novel, *The Mask of Wisdom* (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), he shows himself less ironic and more impassioned—though still, always, his characters are kept at arm's length. I suspect that they may be kept at that fixed though not great distance in order to be the better seen. (It is a fault of too many novelists that they allow their characters to come flopping on top of them, bulky, blinding and formless, like birds flying into their faces, or patches of

fog.) In *The Mask of Wisdom*, the cryptic, once-beautiful woman, the Civil Servant members of the Commission, and the either monstrous or saintly child are clear-cut outlines—inside those outlines, however, we perceive thoughts ticking over and hearts beating.

Just as Alan Moorehead set his novel in an imaginary Indian state, Howard Clewes has set *The Mask of Wisdom* in an imaginary (or at any rate unspecified) Central European country. This country, having been sold out to the enemy by a vile faction which had obtained control, now ranks among the defeated, so is being administered by an Allied Commission, functioning in a castle. Attached to the Commission in the capacity of Assistant Secretary is the woman Thea Njemcova—a native, but English-speaking and above reproach.

* * *

THE Commission has to deal with the emergence into publicity of a little boy: Stefan Miller, bastard of the now execrated "Holy Joe," ex-leader who had debauched his country. That the frozen Miss Njemcova is Stefan's mother may remain, she hopes, unknown to anyone but herself. The horror of her compulsory association with "Holy Joe" had become—till the child was brought forward—a thing of the past, unreal: love for a very different man, now thought dead, has made her into a mystic, a contemplative.

The conflicts set up in Thea by her meeting with Stefan are anatomised by Mr. Clewes with a sort of ruthless respect. Down in the city below the Commission's castle, the people are howling demands for the liquidation of "Holy Joe's" son. Then, suddenly, the boy becomes a miracle-worker.... Psychologically, the balance of the story is kept by the prosaic pathos of a little-man family: decent middle-aged Wilkie Mayer, in whose house Thea lodges, fights a losing battle for honesty in a world of corruption. Thea's annihilating meeting with the man returned from the dead is the climax. *The Mask of Wisdom* asks a good deal of the reader: yet to have failed to have read it would be a loss.

* * *

BOYS WILL BE BOYS,"
By E. S. Turner
(Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.)

is an admirable piece of research into the past of juvenile thriller fiction—a magic which, evidently, never loses its thrall. "In this book," C. B. Fry, who contributes the Introduction, says, "the reader is invited to take a backward plunge into the new Mythology—the mythology of Sexton Blake and Deadwood Dick, of Jack Sheppard, Jack Harkaway and Billy Bunter; of all the idols of childhood from Charley Wag down to Dick Barton."

The "penny dreadfuls" of early-Victorian days are mustered for review: quotations from them, and reproductions of woodcuts, are a riot. Alfred Harmsworth, "the cuckoo in the nest," caused dismay by his more ambitious ideas: he became the sponsor of *Answers* in 1888. From then on, sophistication kept popping up, if never finally rearing, its oiled head: cosy old tales of demon barbers and cannibal pie-makers were to be things of the past. Sexton Blake pursued his career through fifty years of changing fashion in damsels in distress. . . . Mr. Turner remarks the prophetic element in thriller-writing: the V.2 and atomic bomb were featured while they still seemed no more threateningly probable than vampires.

There is a fruitful chapter on *Magnet* and *Gem* school stories, and a not less rewarding piece on the "Wild West." . . . This is a sound, funny, un-sneering book for family reading: let the reformer note that boys will be boys—and that, further, the age at which they cease being boys is uncertain.



A Native of Samoa, one of nearly ninety wood-engravings in Robert Gibbons's latest book "Over the Reefs" (Dent; 15s.), an account of two years' post-war wanderings in the South Seas by our foremost author-artist

Winifred Lewis

on

Fashions

TTRUE story of the week is that of the man who, on his way out of a London bus, bent towards me and with great courtesy said: "Forgive the liberty, but that is a very charming hat you are wearing," and went his way. It goes without saying that he was not an Englishman.

Far be it from me to command the wholesale practice of such incidents to my countrymen, but the moral of the story for women is that, in the Era of the Minimum Wardrobe, a good headpiece has more power to distract attention from the possible inadequacies of the general clothes picture than any other piece of apparel.

A dress policy with the answer to coupon and cost-of-living problems is to maintain a simple basic wardrobe, with interchangeable accessories topped off with hats compelling enough to focus attention at the one point of glamour.

Though good hats are not cheap, the economics of the theory are sound. A good hat wardrobe lights up the gloom of last year's coats and suits and, to the woman depressed with the problem of clothes, has a tonic effect of more value than vitamins.

Since details have been released in Paris of what the big fashion makers are putting across for the new season, there is a noticeable relaxing of tension among pessimists who had prepared themselves for new, and disrupting, developments.

As it turns out, we can stay happily put with our mid-calf hemlines and rest peacefully in our beds, free from nightmares about wardrobe reconstructions.

It is true that Paris has raised the hemline an inch or two above last year's level, but this has no special significance for Englishwomen. At the introduction of the longer skirt many Paris houses dropped hemlines to the ankle. The shorter-skirt rumour which has circulated in this country means only that Paris has raised the line to twelve inches from the ground, still below the level of fourteen inches, which is what the average woman here is wearing.

The narrow-waisted, full-skirted silhouette continues, though alternating with the straight-up-and-down tube look.

Loose, three-quarter-length coats with immense fullness and deep inverted pleats from the shoulder line are worn over narrow skirts. Wrap-over skirt treatments repeatedly give the narrow silhouette with jutting folds at one side. Boleros are worn above swathed corseted waists, and no walking suit is complete without a stole, which is of fur or a contrasting colour lined with the material of the suit.

Long stoles are good for brightening up a suit or a top coat with a suitable neckline. This is a good moment to bring out those outdated furs for remodelling. Good pieces from an old fur coat can be adapted to make an up-to-the-minute stole and muff. It is correct by Paris standards to line the fur with material.

On the other hand, if the fabric used for the stole matches the suit or coat with which it is to be worn, the underlining should be of fur, which is turned over at both edges of the stole to make a border of fur.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Hudson—Schmitt

Mr. R. W. Hudson, son of the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, C.H., M.P., and Mrs. Hudson, of Cowley Street, Westminster, married Miss Marie Schmitt, daughter of M. and Mme. Schmitt, of 2, Rue de Franqueville, Paris, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea



Weston—Steele

Mr. Frederick Roger Weston, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. S. V. P. Weston of Bente, Carter's Hill, Sevenoaks, was married to Miss Daphne Steele, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Steele, of Corfton Road, Ealing, W.5, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Renton—Mallott

Mr. Charles P. Renton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Renton, of Ayton, Berwickshire, married Miss Anne Doreen Mallott, of Grimsargh House, near Preston, at the Parish Church, Preston, Lancs.



Horlick—Cory-Wright

Mr. John Horlick, only son of Col. and Mrs. James Horlick, of Isle of Gigha, Argyllshire, married Miss June Cory-Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Cory-Wright, at Wheathampstead, Herts.



Leveque de Vilmorin—Paterson

M. Gilles Leveque de Vilmorin, of Rabat, French Morocco, married Miss June Brada Paterson, elder daughter of Capt. J. S. Paterson, C.B.E., and Mrs. Paterson, of Wargrave, Berkshire



Morrison-Low—Purvis

Sir Walter John Morrison-Low, Bt., of Kilmaron Castle, Kilmaron, Cupar, Fife, married Miss Henrietta Wilhelmina Mary Purvis, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Walter Purvis, of Gilmerton, St. Andrews, Fife, at Dunino Parish Church



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Harlip
Viscountess Garmoyle, widow of Brig. Viscount Garmoyle, D.S.O., and younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Arden Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, Hants, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Nicholson Hogg, of Melton Court, S.W.7, only son of the late Sir Malcolm Hogg and of Lady Hogg



Hay Wrightson
Miss Mary Bailey Southwell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Southwell, of Frentham, Johannesburg, who is engaged to the Hon. Piers St. Aubyn, M.C., second son of Lord and Lady St. Levan, of St. Michael's Mount, Marazion, Cornwall



Eric Ager
Mr. Peter Alexander Grey Wilson, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Grey Wilson, of Comrie, Perthshire, whose engagement is announced to Miss Jacqueline Nancy White, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John White, of Ferrers Mere, Rushden, Northants



Pearl Freeman
Miss Anne Barrett-Lennard, daughter of Sir Richard Barrett-Lennard, Bt., and Lady Barrett-Lennard, of Horsford Manor, Norwich, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Charles Pollock, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock, of Syresham Priory, Brackley, Northants



Pearl Freeman
Miss Daphnae Amy Jelks, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jelks, of The Drive, Ilford, who is engaged to Mr. Alexander Ross (Sandy) Phillips, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips, of Rose-dene Gardens, Ilford

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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

Lord Tedder is one of those few senior officers who can take a large view of air defence problems, and that is probably why his speeches make such interesting reading. Some of the best, however, are not for general consumption and that is presumably why I have only recently come across his comments on the economics of a peacetime air force.

He made the point that no democracy would spend large sums in preparing for a hypothetical war, and then he went on to sketch the outline of an air force which would provide the greatest deterrent to war at the smallest expense. One point struck me as particularly good: he said that it was necessary for an air force to be *visibly* strong. Any other country contemplating war must be able to *see* that the air force opposing it would be capable of real and sustained resistance.

He might have added that you cannot have an air force which is visibly strong in this sense unless it is really strong; you cannot under modern conditions deceive anybody by stage army manoeuvres. But if you have good aircraft and good pilots, it is the greatest mistake to hide the fact. It may be in the interests of an aggressor to conceal the strength of his forces—even to pretend that they are weaker than they really are. But it can never be in the interests of a country which desires to preserve peace.

In giving proof of strength—in establishing the visible strength—there are two courses: first the display and second the document. An event like the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Farnborough is part of the fabric of visible strength, and the offer of the goods shown for purchase does nothing to lessen its value.

In documentation we are less good. "Security" is now the cry, but whether secrecy gives security is a thing which, it seems, those in charge have not yet

asked themselves. Lord Tedder's remarks—if our Intelligence departments ever read them, a thing one sometimes doubts—should cause these people to study the conflicting demands of secrecy and visible strength.

Much more information could be given out than is at present. I would like to see the Royal Air Force List made available once more to the public. It is most irritating, when one wants to know the present rank and decorations of an officer, to have to ring up the Air Ministry. In days gone by one could turn to the current Air Force List. Altogether Lord Tedder's comments deserve not only reading, but digesting and acting upon, for they touch the realities of air defence.

It would be interesting to know how many flying club members and potential members, and how many private aircraft owners and potential owners, agree with the representations made—according to the daily papers—by Mr. Whitney Straight and his deputation to the Secretary of State for Air.

From these reports it seems that the request is being made that the flying club movement in Britain should give up once and for all its pretence of having to do with civil aviation and should become a training auxiliary for the fighting services. The object of the request is, of course, to obtain money from the taxpayer to support something which Government action has prevented from supporting itself.

It is because civil flying is so hedged about with rules and regulations and licences that it is so expensive. The proper way to bring it back to popularity is not to beg for subsidies from the Services, but to insist upon the sweeping away of the redundant rules and regulations with their expensive officials.

Every wretched little civil aeroplane now bears on its back the dead weight of many officials all busily scribbling notes about what it may *not* do, what the pilot is prohibited from doing, what the constructors

RECORD OF THE WEEK

I HAVE nothing but admiration for the craftsmanship, timing and intelligent appreciation of any kind of situation which Danny Kaye displays on both stage and screen. On the record, however, as a rule there is something missing.

I can only conclude that Kaye's art is so fine and slick that it is only wholly realized when visible.

At the moment there are two examples from this exceptional comedian that best prove my point.

The first is a double-sided version of *Manic Depressive Presents*, from the film *Up in Arms*. This scene, the "Lobby Scene" was brilliantly presented on the screen, but as a record it misses fire most of the time. Obviously those who saw the film will want the record but I have a strong feeling that they'll be disappointed in it. (Brunswick 03972).

On the other hand, together with the Andrews Sisters and the Harmonica Gentlemen, Danny Kaye completely and brilliantly debunks for all time that popular number "The Woody Wood-pecker." He is helped by the Andrews Sisters, who are brittle and absolutely right as his foils, but all the time you will be waiting for Danny Kaye, and as soon as you have heard the record through you will want to hear it again. (Brunswick 03981).

Robert Tredinnick

are forbidden from constructing and what services the aerodromes are *not* allowed to offer.

The Royal Aero Club is supposed to be concerned with civil aviation; but it has been mesmerized—like so many other bodies—by priggish official statements about "the national interest." After all, serving the national interest can not only give an aura of sanctity to what might otherwise be regarded (readful thought) as amusement, but it can also force the taxpayer to foot the bill. I would like to see the Royal Aero Club a little less eager to bow to Government departments.

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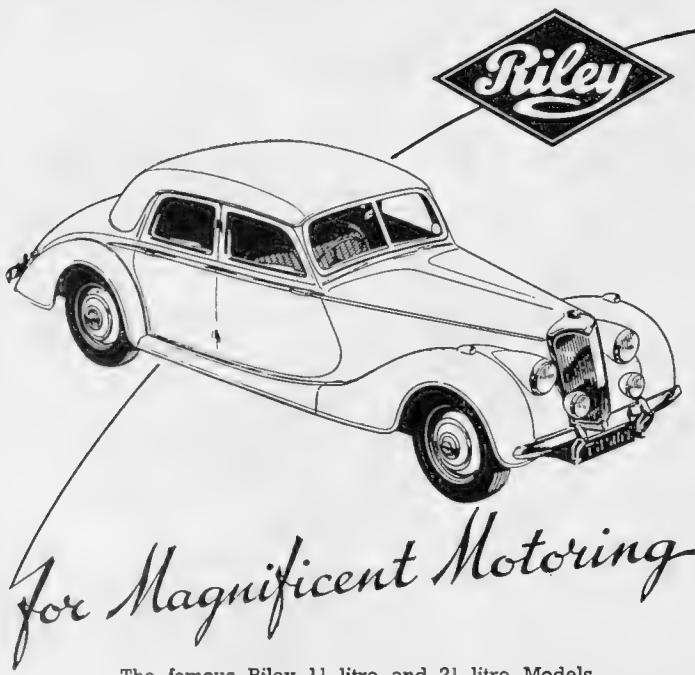
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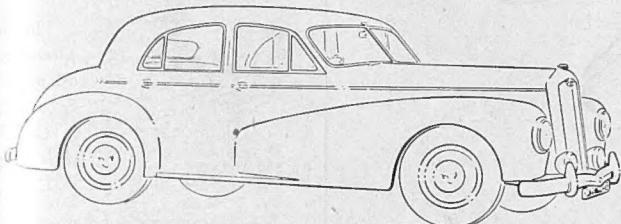


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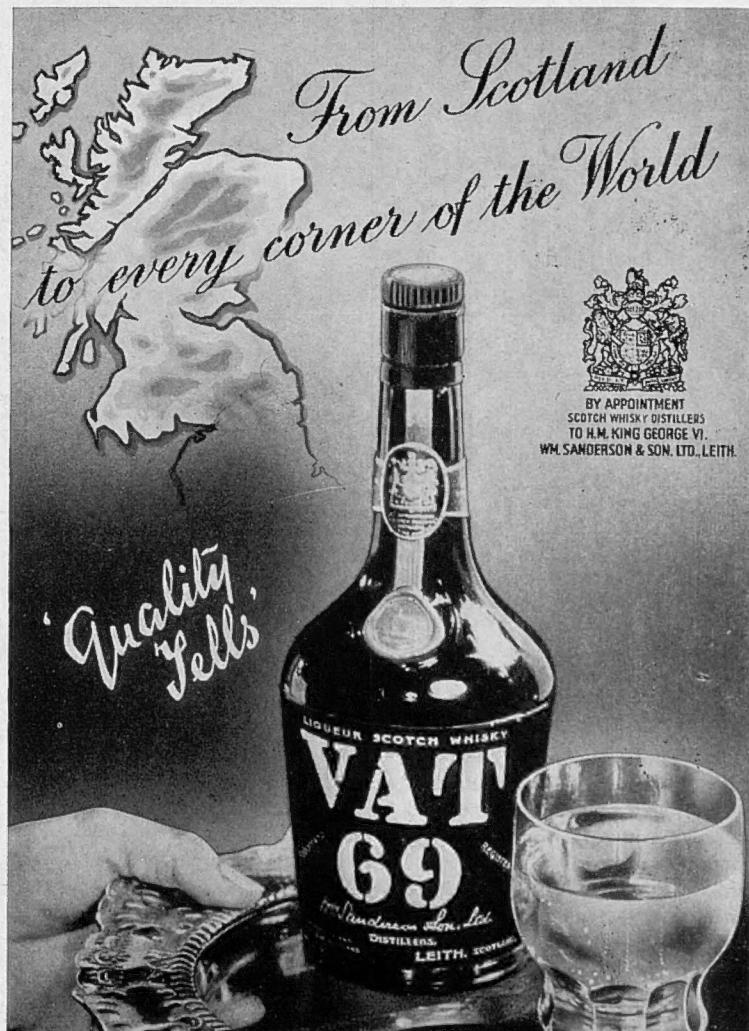
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